

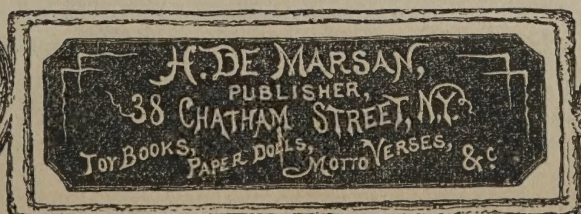
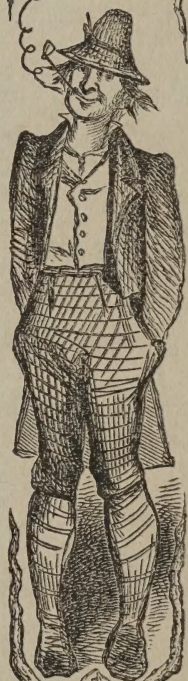


RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn,
He was bold as the hawk, she as soft as the fawn,
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye ;
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm about,
Faith you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"Oh, jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've treated my heart this many a day,
And 'tis pleased that I am ; and why not, be sure ?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike ;
The ground that I walk on he loves I'll be bound,"
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go,
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so !"
Says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dreams always go by contraries, my dear ;
Oh ! jewel ! keep dreaming that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie ;
And 'tis pleased that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Oh Kathleen, my darling, you've teased me enough,
I've thrashed for your sake Denny Grimes and Jim Duff,
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a beast,
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest !"
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his hand round her neck,
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light.
And kiss'd her sweet lips, don't you think he was right ?
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day that you've kiss'd me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.



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